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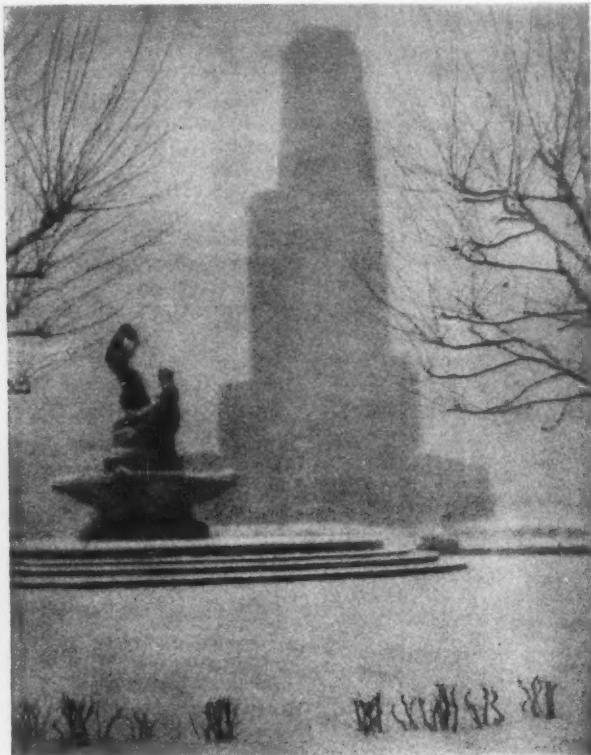
CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME VIII PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1935 NUMBER 10



SNOWING
By H. MONROE BAKER
IN THE EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

(See Pages 291 and 295)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, EXCEPTING JULY AND AUGUST,
IN THE INTEREST OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, THE
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VOLUME VIII NUMBER 10
MARCH 1935

'Tis the times' plague when madmen lead the
blind.

—KING LEAR

—30—

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—31—

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holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for
the constant welfare and happiness of the race.
Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful
works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a
donation to its financial resources, aids in the
growth of these collections and the extension of its
service is contributing substantially to the glorious
mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of
every worthy collection of pictures and museum
objects when the men and women who have
chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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BON JOUR, MRS. NICHOLSON!

Mrs. Roberta W. Nicholson, the only woman member of the Indiana Legislature, has won national fame for her courage and wisdom in introducing a bill which has just become a law in that State barring all suits for alienation of affections, breach of promise, betrayal, and the naming of co-respondents in divorce suits. Mrs. Nicholson is the daughter-in-law of Meredith Nicholson, our minister to Paraguay. "We suspect, and rightly," said Mrs. Nicholson in urging the passage of this epoch-making law, "that the affliction is not so much an aching heart as an itching palm." America is full of gold diggers—usually ladies, young or mature in years—who are eager to transform innocent and friendly letters, or indiscretions in which they themselves without restraint have taken part, into moral offenses or personal sufferances which at their worst can be completely cured by currency either on or off the gold basis. The New York Legislature was quick to follow this example and is now considering three measures to the same effect. Mrs. Nicholson is putting a lot of pettifogging lawyers on the unemployed list, but that is a worthy part of her good work.

ENGLAND'S ROYAL SUCCESSION

DEAR CARNEGIE:

To settle a dispute will you state the law of
succession to the British crown?

—MALCOLM MEREDITH

The sons of King George are in the order of
succession to the throne, and after the youngest
son the daughters, in the order of their seniority.
Thus, should the Prince of Wales die without issue
the next king would be the Duke of York, to be
followed by his children, in this case the Princess
Elizabeth if there should be no male heir. If at
his death he should have no children living, the
succession would pass to the Duke of Gloucester,
and under the same conditions to the Duke of
Kent. If in the improbable event that the line
should fail through these four sons, the law
provides that King George's daughter and then
his two sisters should in turn become eligible, and
after them the descendants of the brothers of
Edward VII, who were the children of Queen
Victoria. In every case herein named the royal
blood flows in an unbroken stream from William
the Conqueror.

GOOD WORDS

DEAR CARNEGIE:

The individuality of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE
stands out amongst all of its contemporaries, so
that I am always glad to renew my subscription.

—SOUTHARD HAY

THE PROFITS OF PEACE

A realm gaineth more by one year of peace than
by ten years of war.

—LORD BURGHLEY (1576)

THIS YEAR'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

BY DAVID R. CRAIG

Vice President of the Pittsburgh Salon

[Dr. Craig's joy in pictorial photography began when as a boy of twelve he first belonged to the Boston Camera Club. Of his companion members, the nearest to him in point of years was forty. He attributes his early enthusiasm directly to his Scotch nose for nickels when in his high-school days he borrowed a graftex to snap dramatic moments in a track meet. The enlargements he sold with so much success that the lure of the lens has never left him. He has proved his devotion by spending four hours pouring wet sawdust on a plate to obtain one choice print. That same patience, to which he adds a rare artistic understanding, has earned his prints admission in both American and European salons. Like most of his fellow exhibitors, his interest is entirely an amateur one. Professionally he is the able director of the Research Bureau of Retail Training at the University of Pittsburgh, which has established findings and analyses of inestimable value to our great stores throughout the country.]



If you are one of those who feel that an artist is to be condemned—or praised, for that matter—for painting photographically, it is only fair that you should investigate the current situation in photography.

You may be surprised. You may discover that photographers are becoming proud of the word "photographic," and some of them are beginning to criticize the others for using a camera as if it were a brush, for making photographic prints that look like paintings.

In the twenty-second annual exhibition of the Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art on view at the Carnegie Institute until April 16 you have an opportunity to make this investigation. This year the showing of prints is larger than for several years past, partly because the energetic salon committee translated its entry forms into several languages and sent them all over the world, partly because the entrants, 465 of them, are somewhat more prosperous than they were and can afford the working materials of their craft, and partly because the jury was made up of men who worked hard and generously to be sure that no good print was re-

jected. Subject matter and treatment through various processes are all represented in abundance, and there are plenty of prints for the beholder to use in deciding whether the photographers have a contribution to make.

We can no longer seriously debate whether photography is art. For one thing, none of us knows surely what art is. And for another, the argument is beside the point. Here are photographs, pictures of people and things and ideas, pictures made with light, pictures made with a purpose. The



WINTER ON THE FARM
By D. WARD PEASE

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question to discuss is rather what the purpose was, and what success the photographers had with it.

By a rule of the salon and with the help of the judges, these prints are the newest and the best in the world's photographic work of today. No print was admitted to judging if it had been shown at a competitive exhibition in



TO A GREAT AMERICAN
BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE

the United States prior to a year ago, so that many of these pictures are seen for the first time. And for every print finally admitted to the salon, more than five others were rejected and sent back to their makers. If we admit the competence of the judges, we see that this collection represents the best recent work.

Those of us who are directly interested are continually comparing the new shows with older ones. As we run back over the catalogues we have saved, we notice some really significant tendencies in photography that are exemplified especially in the current exhibition. We notice, for instance, that

each year the good photographs are better made than they were; we see better workmanship in the presence of better materials. This year we note the advent of a new printing paper of velvety richness and predict still wider use for it next year.

Again, we see a decline of fussiness and an increase in simplicity. The use of the elaborate processes is diminishing and a larger portion of the prints in the salon are being made by straight photography. Now, such a remark, five years ago, might easily have been taken by many as a criticism of their directness, of their interest in being recognized as something more than photographers. But this year the comment is likely to be taken as a compliment. To be sure, there are many bromoils, and a few transfers, gums, and fressons. There are many prints made through paper negatives. But the vast majority of the prints were made by the simplest and most direct methods on silver enlarging papers. We shall come back to this directness.

As the jury worked, looking carefully at one print at a time, the club members felt that the subject matter of the offerings had concentrated this year in unusual ways. There were many nudes, but fewer first-rate portraits than in the past. There were many lily ponds, but fewer boats and masts with wiggling reflections. There were fewer still-life subjects and fewer table-top jests, but many more cats and almost a storm of sand ripples.

More interesting and significant than any of these, however, was the concentration of little slices of life. Prints from Prague and New York, prints from Moscow and California, showed in mass a growing attention to the episodes and incidents of living. We can explain the new emphasis in various ways. One explanation is that our photographers may have been captivated by the many kinds of candid camera now available

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and by the results which first Dr. Salomon and later many others have obtained. They are handy and compact, these little machines, and can be brought more quickly and more inconspicuously into action than their more cumbersome predecessors. For example, pictures like "Equestrian" by Mr. Chatto have been made before, but if they are to be made on the spur of the moment, as this one was, the apparatus must be as easy to point as the photographer's fingers. Again, the great success of the commercial photographers in the field of advertising appears to have been influential in the same direction. With a success to envy and emulate, and with a new type of apparatus to make it possible, it is not surprising if these photographers have found it in their hearts to be more and more realistic, to observe as pictures the concrete happenings around them, and to make use of the material close at



EQUESTRIAN

By BYRON H. CHATTO

hand rather than to journey into the fields for something more pretty than alive. Not all these prints show the lively tendency described, but more of them show it now than formerly. Perhaps photographers can be presented as some one recently discussed a group of politicians, as unpremeditated and extemporaneous opportunists.

In their techniques, too, they appear to be specializing on the things for which photography is particularly fitted. Texture of surface, more than any other matter, is the natural prerogative of the camera. These photographers have learned to emphasize their textures by cross-lights, and the walls and the snow surfaces, the sand ripples and the wet water, all show how far their effort has progressed. Sometimes they divert the beholder with processes like bromoil and fresson that have an independent texture of their own. Sometimes they use papers that look like canvas or velvet. Sometimes they print through negatives of paper that impart the shadow of their fibers to the finished print. In Mr. Baker's "Snowing" reproduced on the cover of the magazine, although the texture belongs somehow to Mr. Baker rather than to the snow, nevertheless the print



MODELING IN CLAY

By A. AUBREY BODINE



ANGEL FISH—DECORATION
By JOHN SKARA



PROBOSCIS SOLARIZATION
By JOHN SCHIEDE JR.

conveys the feeling of wet cold that means snow to most of us. But for the most part, because these exhibitors are presenting the simple life around them and because they want to show the surface as it is revealed by light, they stick to straight enlargements without re-touching or control.

The illustrations shown herewith were selected at least in part to show the variations of surface structure that can be represented photographically. For instance, in "Winter on the Farm" by Mr. Pease we see the surface of snow when it is smooth. Many other prints in the salon depict snow under other conditions of texture and light.

"Modeling in Clay" was made by one of the jurors, Mr. Bodine. As a young but experienced newspaper photographer Mr. Bodine caught sight of a surface not often represented and put it at once into his little black box.

Skin textures and hair of a special kind are shown in the unpretentious and dignified portrait of a hog, a portrait so simple and straightforward that its author, Mr. Schiede, felt constrained to give it the almost too elabo-

rate title of "Proboscis Solarization."

Mr. Skara's "Angel Fish—Decoration" is reproduced not so much for its texture of surface as for its delicate tones. Here is a subject quickly seen and fastidiously reported. It shows, in another way, how free a photographer is to be versatile, for Mr. Skara's early successes were predominantly heavy, strong, industrial subjects like railroad engines. His new achievement shows that he is still a collector of surprises.

Finally we show the bold representation of the Lincoln Memorial in the print "To a Great American," by Mr. Rittase. The maker of this picture is a former juror at Pittsburgh salons, and is to be remembered as one of the foremost illustrators and commercial advertisers. He shows a spirited treatment of a familiar theme, and emphasizes not the surface of the stone but rather a secondary texture made of light and shade along the walk. If you were to ask Mr. Rittase why he handled his picture this way, he would probably reply, in his friendly way, "Oh, it is just something I saw."

His achievement, of course, was in

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seeing it. That is the success of all these photographers—in seeing what they saw, and reporting it. If they seem this year to have seen their pictures more simply than before, and to have reported them more realistically, then it is fair to suppose that they are growing in pride as photographers.

SCHOLARSHIP BENEFIT APRIL 2 AND 3

Just a year ago the departments of drama and music at the Carnegie Institute of Technology were deep in rehearsal of a ballet written on their own campus by their own classmates. From beginning to end it was completely a Carnegie product and creation—composed by Earl Wild and George Youngling, orchestrated by Chauncey Kelly, produced by James McNaughton, and interpreted by student musicians and student players. Miss Cecil Kitcat, who devised the choreography, and J. Vick O'Brien, who conducted the seventy-piece orchestra, were the only members of the faculty concerned in the production.

The result was "Persephone," a ballet in three tableaux, which was such a delight to the eye and ear that it became an immediate artistic triumph never to be forgotten at the College of Fine Arts. CARNEGIE MAGAZINE readers may recall Mr. Geoghegan's high praise of the production in "The Play's the Thing."

Although it was given at the Little Theater five times, hundreds were turned away at each performance. Those who stormed doors in vain last year will soon have an opportunity to see it when it is repeated in revised form early in April. A new ballet, "Chromatic Fantasy," its musical theme built on the moods created by color, will be heard for the first time on the same program with "Persephone." This new ballet was directly inspired by the success of the one of last season and has

been composed, orchestrated, and produced by the same students.

The dates on which these ballets will be given are the evening of April 2 and the afternoon and evening of April 3 in the Little Theater of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House. The profits will go to the support of scholarships for women students in the Margaret Morrison Carnegie College and the College of Fine Arts. Each spring the Womens Scholarship Organization holds a benefit for this cause.

"A SONG TO NATURE"

WHEN Pittsburgh sought to express its gratitude to Mary Schenley, it took the form of a memorial fountain standing at the entrance of the great park which she gave as a sylvan retreat for all city dwellers.

No limitations were placed on the character of the memorial, except that it was to be "fitting." Victor Brenner's "A Song to Nature" was adjudged as best filling the requirement and so became the accepted design.

On the cover of the magazine a pictorialist has preserved by way of the camera an enchanting view of a snow-bound Pan, symbol of the rebirth of all Nature, listening to winter music played aloft for him by a nymph. By day the looming Cathedral of Learning gives this fountain a new background of impressiveness; by night flood lights, always burning, illuminate its delicate silhouette. So familiar to users of the library entrance of the Carnegie Institute, it is one of Pittsburgh's most artistic landmarks.

UNTO US ALSO, O LORD!

I say, if it be in the general hearts of the nation, it is a thing I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon—reformation. Make it a shame to see men to be bold in sin and profanity, and God will bless you. . . . The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast.

—OLIVER CROMWELL

THE 1935 INTERNATIONAL

*Paintings from Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Mexico
to Be Presented for the First Time*

THE plans for the 1935 Carnegie International are already well under way. The exhibition is to be organized on even more inclusive lines this year than ever before, and will differ in a number of ways from the procedure followed in previous years.

The first and most important innovation concerns the extent of the territory to be covered by the exhibition. Not only are there more European nations to be represented than usual, but for the first time Mexico and three countries of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—are to be included; while Canada, which has not been represented recently as a separate entity, will again take its place in the exhibition.

For some time the Fine Arts Committee of the Institute has weighed the question of inviting at least a few of the South American countries. It seemed to be a logical step in the development of the exhibition and particularly a step in the direction of making it more international in scope as well as in name. It was also in accord with the idea of the founder of the International, Andrew Carnegie, who was particularly interested in the growth of cultural relations with the countries south of the United States. From year to year the decision to include these countries was postponed largely because of the expense involved. Although there are no additional funds available for the 1935 International, the committee decided that by the introduction of certain economies it might be possible to include three South American countries, Canada, and Mexico. The countries to be represented, twenty-one in all, will be as follows: United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Switzer-

land, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Canada, Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The number of paintings will be the same as for the last two years—approximately 350.

The second important development is not an innovation, but a return to a former practice. The Jury of Award of the 1935 International is to consist of four artists. It will be recalled that for the first International, the Fine Arts Committee made the awards, and from that time until the International of 1933, the juries were composed exclusively of painters. In 1933 the jury was made up of three American art museum directors, and for the last International, an artist, a critic, and a museum director composed the jury.

The third innovation will be a more equitable distribution of the prize money. The First Prize will be reduced from \$1,500 to \$1,000, the Second Prize will be reduced from \$1,000 to \$600, and the Third Prize will remain at \$500. The amounts saved by these reductions will be applied as money awards for honorable mentions. Therefore, the First Honorable Mention will be \$400, Second Honorable Mention \$300, and Third Honorable Mention \$200. The Popular Prize of \$200 will again be offered and the prize of \$300 given by the Garden Club of Allegheny County for the best flower or garden painting.

Homer Saint-Gaudens, director of Fine Arts, will not visit Europe this year as he usually does, but will remain in the United States in order to be in a better position to direct the selection and assembling of paintings both in Europe and in North and South America.

The 1935 International will open at Pittsburgh on October 17 and will continue through December 8.

AN EXPEDITION TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON

Curator of Birds, Cornell University

[In the judgment of W. E. Clyde Todd, who is noted for his conservative statement and exacting requirement, Dr. Sutton is "the best field ornithologist in the country, bar none." As a painter of birds he is fast filling the place of his master, the late Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Before taking up his work at Cornell, he was assistant curator of ornithology at the Carnegie Museum and then chief of research and information under the Game Commission of Pennsylvania. The picture of Dr. Sutton is taken from a portrait by Kenneth Washburn, professor of painting and sculpture at Cornell. Credit for the remarkable nature photography goes to Hamilton M. Laing of Comox, Vancouver Island.]



It has for years been the generous plan of John B. Semple, a trustee of the Carnegie Institute, to sponsor expeditions to various parts of the North American continent in the interest of natural science in general

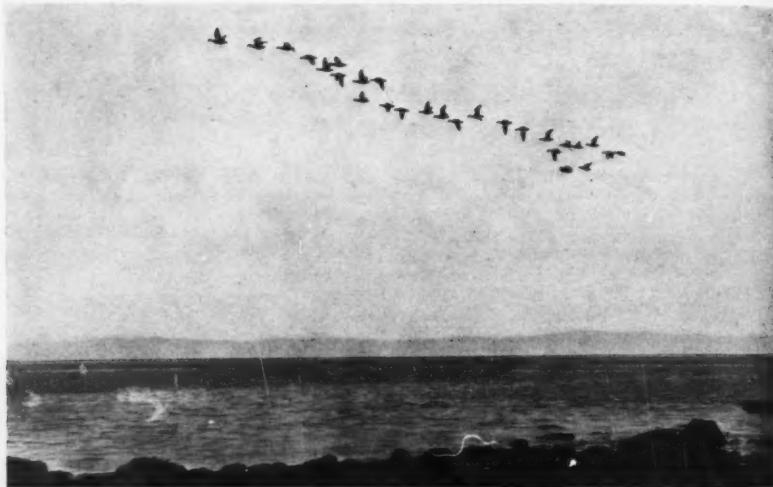
and of the Carnegie Institute in particular. These expeditions, in most of which Mr. Semple has taken personal part, have been the means of acquiring for Pittsburgh invaluable ornithological collections from Labrador, Hudson Bay, Florida, far western Oklahoma, the Rio Grande's Big Bend, and more recently, from British Columbia. I was invited by the museum authorities to accompany Mr. Semple in this last enterprise. The experience was a wonderful one for me in that it gave me opportunity to become familiar with many species of North American birds that I had not before seen in life.

Mr. Semple and I began our survey of British Columbian bird life on April 25, 1933, at Comox, on the eastern shore of Vancouver Island. Here we made our headquarters at the pleasant home of Hamilton M. Laing, who was familiar with the birds of the Comox region, and who helped us during our sojourn there. We visited many points near Comox, reaching by automobile the

head of the trail to Forbidden Plateau, the long gravel spit at Cape Lazo, the thick, low woodlands at Little River, and the piney woods and brooks at Merville. We made but one visit to Port Hardy, at the northern end of the Island, and this place we were obliged to reach by steamship.

While at Comox we rowed across the Strait of Georgia to the Seal Islands several times, where we took some valuable shore-bird specimens, and where we encountered vast numbers of waterfowl in the open channel—scoters of three species; horned, Holboell's, and western grebes; cormorants of two or three forms; a few black brant; surprisingly large numbers of Pacific loons; old-squaw and harlequin ducks; western, California, herring, Bonaparte's, and short-billed gulls; and, here and there, scattered pairs of pigeon guillemots and marbled murrelets.

These murrelets interested us. Small, plump, swift-winged, they rose abruptly from the waves about us to twinkle off as lightly almost as chimney swifts. Their irresponsible behavior puzzled us. How could there be so many of them unless they were nesting close by? If the species was, indeed, as widely distributed along this coast as it was said to be, why had not its nesting habits long since been made known? We amused ourselves with predicting how we should startle an incubating bird from its nest under a piece of driftwood; in a hole in a sand bank; in a cavity in a tree; in some cliff crevice.



AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A FLOCK OF 27 BLACK BRANT

. . . each of which cuts a different silhouette, in flight over the barnacle-covered rocks of the shore line of the Strait of Georgia, which connects Vancouver Island and British Columbia.

We were fortunate enough on May 23 to procure a female murrelet whose oviduct held a perfectly formed and beautifully colored egg. The bird was swimming with her mate a few rods from the rocky shore of Mittlenach Island, about twenty miles north of Comox. We were so excited by our discovery of this egg, which obviously would have been laid within a very short time, that we made a return trip to Mittlenach on May 31 for the express purpose of learning the murrelet's age-old secret. In this quest we were unsuccessful. We had good opportunity to observe a colony of glaucous-winged gulls, however; noted hundreds of California murres; collected from a large flock of eastern brant two specimens that are among the few that have been taken thereabouts; and were delighted at the festive companies of harlequin ducks that were sunning themselves on the kelp-hung rocks.

The murrelet egg taken by us off Mittlenach is an interesting specimen. Collected thirty-seven years—to the very day—after the first known speci-

men was collected along the Alaskan coast by George Cantwell, it is precisely like the Cantwell specimen—as shown in Bent's "Life Histories" plate—in ground color; but the spots tend to be a little larger, and the egg itself is blunter and rounder than the Cantwell specimen. So far as we have been able to ascertain, this egg is the only perfect marbled-murrelet egg in existence in any collection today. The actual nest of this really abundant species remains to be found.

One of the most interesting collecting grounds in the Comox region was the trail to Forbidden Plateau—a clean-cut path that led steeply up the mountain side through a vast and silent forest of cedar and Douglas fir to an open area known as the Paradise Meadows; to great banks of wet snow; to mile after mile of matted shrubbery that had not yet spread its leaves before the sun. In these stately woodlands lived Steller's jays, Hammond's flycatchers, winter wrens, varied thrushes, band-tailed pigeons, red-breasted sapsuckers, ravens, a few Townsend's warblers, golden-

crowned kinglets that seemed impossibly small in so vast a place, and a junco of some sort. Here we met, too, the mischievous and companionable gray jay, loose-plumaged whisky jack that he is, and succeeded in capturing the first adult ladder-backed three-toed wood-pecker that has thus far been taken on the Island. Here we failed to find the much-talked-of pygmy owl, a bird that we very much wished to see. We imitated these little owls as best we could, following "Mack" Laing's excellent example. We must have given many an owl subject matter for long conversation about the winter hearth fire. But for some reason no owl came. Perhaps it was just as well for the owls that none did.

On May 24 we journeyed to Port Hardy. Here, where we were lucky enough to strike relatively dry weather, we collected a handsome series of sooty fox sparrows, hermit thrushes, and black oyster catchers. And here it was, by dint of hours of rowing, that Mr. Semple was fortunate enough to find two beau-



COCK SOOTY GROUSE STRUTTING

... near Merville. The strutting of this grouse of the Northwest corresponds to the well-known drumming of our own ruffed grouse.

tiful sets of black oyster-catcher eggs.

Bald eagles were common everywhere along the Vancouver Island coast; more common, in fact, than in any region Mr. Semple or I had previously visited. According to repeated report, they were most abundant at Knight's Inlet, a deep indentation of the mainland coast considerably north of Vancouver Island, where it was said they veritably swarmed, eighty or a hundred eagles in the sky at one time being no very unusual spectacle.

We had an interesting experience with a pair of eagles. On May 16 Mr. Semple gave me a birthday gift I shall long remember: a shot with his beautiful rifle at a perching eagle. The bird was a male. I shot him dead, and had quite a time retrieving him from the tangled underbrush into which he fell. As I carried him off, his mate screamed loudly. The thought of leaving her to care for her nest alone was not a pleasant one, but we needed that male specimen. One week later we returned, finding to our amazement another male bird in attendance; and for all we could see he was just as valiant and just as



THE AUTHOR READY FOR A BIRD HUNT
... entering a primeval forest on Vancouver Island. Western cedar, Douglas fir, and western hemlock rise out of thickets of salal.



vociferous in his defense of the loftyerie as the first male had been. Word of our capture must somehow have reached the eagles' marriage bureau at Knight's Inlet.

On June 5 we left Vancouver Island and established new headquarters on the mainland, at the little town of Barriere, on the banks of the Thompson River, in a region known as the "dry belt" of the Province. Here we found the bird life strikingly different from that of the humid coast—willow thrushes where there had been russet-backs and hermits; Wright's flycatchers in addition to Hammond's; mountain bluebirds; Arkansas kingbirds; calliope humming birds; mountain chickadees; red-naped sapsuckers; Cassin's purple finches. Here we found five species of swallows nesting almost side by side and became acquainted with the trim little Vaux's swift, a species that is smaller than our eastern chimney swift, and if anything more speedy.

We remained at Barriere from June 5 to 13. Thereupon we moved northward to Blue River, where we found evening grosbeaks nesting; were thrilled at the black swifts that crossed and recrossed the sky; and finally took one of the real prizes of our collection—a breeding male black pigeon hawk in handsome plumage, to the best of our

knowledge the first breeding specimen of this form to be taken. Leaving Blue River on June 18, we reached Red Pass on the following day. Here, at the headwaters of the mighty Frazer, and in the very heart at last of the Rockies, we were a little disappointed to find no white-tailed ptarmigan, and to find Franklin's grouse so rare.

On our last day at Red Pass, I had a thrilling climb to the top of a snow-crowned mountain. Starting at five o'clock in the morning, I made the peak at noon. I was obliged to make my way upward for more than a mile through the very middle of a rushing stream—a treacherous flight of cold, slippery, rocky stairs. My companion was a small, sad-faced, drooping-mustached, timid dog from somewhere, who was suspicious of me from the first, yet curious or friendly or hungry, for he came over to lick my hand whenever I paused for a rest. When, at length, I had occasion to fire my shotgun at a passing Clark's crow, this gray-brown companion yelped and fled down the mountain side as if all beings evil in the world were after him. I never saw him again.

Rarely beautiful was the vista that spread about me at noon. Cold, impersonal, not very friendly mountain tops as far in every direction as the

eye could see. A green lake, headwaters of the Frazer, far in the valley. A brown alpine meadow at the lower margin of a long sweep of glacier. Clouds above, clouds below, shutting off the sun and sky, leaving me on a pinnacle with the rest of the world somehow swallowed up as if in some vast abyss. Woolly-stemmed, pale yellow poppies blooming in sheltered crannies. A pipit singing in spite of the snow that continued intermittently to

fall. Fuzzy-faced pikas crying "Eeee!" in sharp, elfin voices from jagged heaps of rock. A huge marmot, motionless on the horizon. Tufts of white goat hair on the moss at my feet. A band of ten stub-antlered caribou making their way slowly across the mountain side half a mile below me. And all the while, so unceasing that in time the sound was scarcely noticeable, the rush and ripple of a dozen streams, gay in their youthful eagerness to find the sea.

THE COLLEGE MUSIC SET

The Carnegie Corporation of New York Presents Carnegie Tech Students with Complete Facilities for Concerts in Musical Appreciation

IN pursuit of Andrew Carnegie's ideal of sharing culture with youth, the Carnegie Corporation has recently given to the Carnegie Institute of Technology a comprehensive set of material for the study of music made up of records, scores, books, and a phonograph.

One of the most important parts of the set is the group of records, 824 in all. The scope embraces ancient Greek compositions down to present-day examples of all the modern nations.

The records, many with accompanying scores, include every medium and form of performance: arias, opera, Gregorian chants, masses, motets, madrigals, ballets, sonatas, fugues, chorale preludes, variations, music for early keyboard instruments, chamber music for various combinations of instruments, symphonies, symphonic poems, orchestral suites, orchestral concertos without solo instruments, concert overtures, and concertos for solo instruments with orchestra.

From the student point of view the inclusion of the 251 scores is invaluable, greatly increasing the pleasure and profit of hearing records while following the written music. Inaccessible scores for medieval motets and madrigals, full scores of symphonies, song albums, piano sonatas, chamber music,

corresponding for the most part with the records, are a part of the set.

Another accompaniment of the set is a music library comprising 129 books ranging from Grove's Dictionary and the Oxford History to the best and latest in musical biography, history, theory, and criticism.

To insure perfect musical reproduction of these records the donors have provided the finest phonograph known. This machine, the famous Capehart, reproduces true musical tones over the entire range of harmonics, from the 16-cycle bass of the world's largest pipe organ to the top note of the piccolo—a fidelity of performance unsurpassed.

The whole set is eminently useable, thanks to the care with which it has been prepared. From the continuous and fully automatic record changer to the specially constructed score cabinets, record albums, and classified catalogues, no detail has been omitted to make the set a practical success as well as an artistic one.

With the installation of the set a program of concerts was immediately set up at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Three concerts a week at noon—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—are given for enthusiastic and appreciative student audiences.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THIS is the third in our monthly talks with our friends concerning our financial problems. In the last one we astonished our readers with a list of money gifts from many sources for scholarships, grants, and prizes in the Carnegie Institute of Technology aggregating \$161,601.34. Now we are going to publish for the first time another imposing list of donations, this time showing another type of support of the work of the school in the development of research in the utilization of fuels.

The Carnegie Corporation of New York agreed in 1921 to make certain financial settlements with the Carnegie Institute in 1936, and with the Institute of Technology in 1946, provided that the public would show its appreciation of Mr. Carnegie's cultural creations by participating in a definitive way in the program for the extension of their usefulness to the world. This friendly challenge has been met, and is being constantly met, to an extent even beyond the anticipations which were held at the beginning.

The Carnegie Institute is obligated to raise an amount, which is now only \$20,000, in order to come into the possession of new endowment funds of \$550,000 on July 1, 1936. Just think of purchasing that much money for \$20,000! It ought to be an easy task.

In like manner the Institute of Technology was promised \$8,000,000, payable in twenty-five years—that is, on July 1, 1946—provided its friends, including its alumni, would by that time raise \$4,000,000, one third of which may be in buildings, either memorial or other. Stated in another way, the Corporation agreed to give two dollars for every one donated by our friends, picturing a total new endowment fund of \$12,000,000, which would yield an additional income for Carnegie Tech of \$600,000 a year forever.

In keeping with this magnificent proposal was the enlistment of the support of firms and corporations, both local and distant ones, who were quick to recognize the importance of a great technical school at Pittsburgh of inestimable value to America.

Such an enlistment took form in the organization of the Mining Advisory Board composed of twenty-five members chosen from well-known mining engineers and men of affairs identified with the mining industry, who from the richness of their practical background were asked to cooperate and advise with the Carnegie Institute of Technology in (1) the education and training of young men to enter the mining industries; and (2) initiating and conducting reciprocal research in the fields of mining and fuel technology, the results of which are made available to all who might be interested. Thus two constructive bodies—industry and education—joined forces in fostering this vital research.

So happy was the alliance and so promptly did the Mining Advisory Board prove its correlative usefulness that the United States Bureau of Mines requested it to extend its advisory capacity to the joint work done by the Institute of Technology and the Government of our country. This additional function the board undertook and carried forward until July, 1932, when the Bureau of Mines, feeling that its rôle as a government institution was to initiate and assist in investigations of this kind only until the results justified the interested industry in assuming the responsibility, decided to direct its resources to other problems.

It is with great satisfaction that we acknowledge here for the first time the constant contributions for the development of this work that have been received and spent from 1922 to the present date from a long and ever increasing list

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of companies. Even more meaningful than this material assistance, however, is the testimony of confidence that the donors place in the technically sound training and record of the Carnegie school. The list follows:

Allegheny River Mining Company.....	\$ 150.00	Mancha Storage Battery Company.....	500.00
American Gas Association.....	3,700.00	Mine Safety Appliance Company.....	1,550.00
American Tar Products Company.....	150.00	Myers-Whaley Company.....	25.00
American Zinc and Chemical Company.....	10.00	National Coal Association.....	5,450.00
Atlas Car and Manufacturing Co.....	200.00	National Lumber and Creosoting Co.....	125.00
Ayer and Lord Tie Company.....	300.00	New York Edison Company.....	2,212.65
Baton (George S.) and Associates.....	200.00	New England Fuel and Transportation Company.....	350.00
Bertha Consumers Company.....	350.00	Ocean Coal Company.....	200.00
Bertha Coal Company.....	100.00	Philadelphia Electric Company.....	1,000.00
Berwind-White Coal Company.....	350.00	Philadelphia Storage Battery Company.....	1,225.00
Bituminous Coal Research, Inc.....	1,500.00	Phillips Mine and Mill Supply Co.....	200.00
Blanchard Coal Company.....	50.00	Pickand-Mather Company.....	150.00
Brooklyn Edison Company.....	500.00	Pittsburgh Coal Company.....	7,350.00
Buckeye Coal Company.....	500.00	Pittsburgh Coal Producers Assn.....	100.00
Carnegie Coal Company.....	200.00	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.....	300.00
Carnegie Steel Company.....	200.00	Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation.....	400.00
Chartiers Creek Coal Company.....	100.00	Pittsburgh Wood Preserving Company.....	500.00
Coloder Company.....	50.00	Pocohontas Fuel Company.....	400.00
Consolidation Coal Company.....	400.00	Poland Coal Company.....	150.00
Consolidated Gas Company of N. Y.	750.00	Rainey (W. J.) Incorporated.....	100.00
Consumers Fuel Company.....	100.00	Raymond Bros. Impact Pulverizer Co.....	100.00
Consumers Mining Company.....	250.00	Republic Iron and Steel Company.....	350.00
Crucible Fuel Company.....	50.00	Rose-Meehan Foundries Company.....	75.00
Detroit Edison Company.....	500.00	S K F Industries Incorporated.....	200.00
Diamond Machine Company.....	100.00	Sanford Day Iron Works.....	200.00
Duriron Company.....	50.00	Sinclair Refractories Company.....	200.00
Eavenson, Alford, and Hicks.....	200.00	Stonega Coal and Coke Company.....	800.00
Edison Electric Illuminating Company.....	400.00	Sullivan-Pocohontas Coal Company.....	100.00
Edison Storage Battery Company.....	475.00	Sun Coal Company.....	50.00
Electric Bond and Share Company.....	250.00	Timken Roller Bearing Company.....	200.00
Electric Storage Battery Company.....	200.00	Union Carbide Company.....	50.00
Engineering Foundation.....	200.00	Union Collieries.....	100.00
Enterprise Wheel and Car Corporation.....	200.00	Vesta Coal Company.....	1,200.00
Fayette Coal Corporation.....	100.00	Von Guten, Jacob.....	500.00
Fleming (James) and Son.....	200.00	Watt Mining Company.....	200.00
Ford Collieries Company.....	300.00	Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co.....	475.00
Frick (H. C.) Coke Company.....	850.00	Westmoreland Coal Company.....	350.00
General Motors Company.....	200.00	West Penn Power Company.....	400.00
Goodman Manufacturing Company.....	675.00	Wheeling Steel Corporation.....	300.00
Grasselli Chemical Company.....	500.00		
Gulf Smokeless Coal Company.....	300.00		
Harwick Coal and Coke Company.....	300.00		
Hicks, L. H.	300.00		
Hillman Coal and Coke Company.....	1,700.00		
Inland Collieries Company.....	350.00		
International Combustion Engineering Corporation.....	2,400.00		
Irving Foundry Machine Company.....	50.00		
Jamieson Coal and Coke Company.....	350.00		
Jefferson Gas Coal Company.....	250.00		
Jeffery Manufacturing Company.....	675.00		
Joyce-Watkins Company.....	250.00		
K. W. Battery Company.....	475.00		
Keystone Coal and Coke Company.....	400.00		
Koppel Industrial Instrument and Engine Company.....	150.00		
Lewis (F. J.) Manufacturing Company.....	100.00		
Link Belt Company.....	100.00		
			\$51,847.65

In addition to the money gifts listed above, many of these ninety-eight donors as well as other companies have repeatedly lent or presented outright expensive equipment, experimental material, supplies, and facilities which it would be impossible to evaluate in terms of dollars and cents. It can be conservatively stated, however, that the actual cash represented by these contributions would far exceed the aggregate total of the sum reported.

Last month the gifts reported in the magazine since its beginning just eight years ago had reached \$1,227,443.30. With the current sum of \$51,847.65 added the grand total climbs to \$1,279,290.95.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LILLIE P. BLISS COLLECTION

BY JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

IN our highly industrialized civilization great acclaim is given to the inventor of mechanical devices. The social inventor, who in many instances is a no less valuable member of society, is overlooked and neglected. He should have a special place in the affections of his fellow men, because it is the social inventor who offers wholesome palliatives and healing remedies for the defects and shortcomings of an over-industrialized order.

It is not going too far afield in social invention to include under it those who have pioneered in searching out and assembling collections of art. Society is much in their debt. Their trials, difficulties, and labors, mental and physical, are not always understood and appreciated.

When the late Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer, who was responsible for that great collection of paintings which is now a prized possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, came to pay tribute to her friend and associate, Mary Cassatt, she disclosed some of the hardships which beset those who explore in the field of art. Speaking of Miss Cassatt, she said: "A trip to Italy or one to Spain in those early days when traveling there meant dirt, dust, and discomfort, was nothing to her if there was a good picture at the end of the journey, or even the scent of a good one that could be followed up with results," and then she went on to tell of the adverse criticism, raillery, and



ETRUSCAN VASE

BY REDON

discouragement that is the lot of those who pioneer in collecting paintings which at the moment do not have the approval of those who know what they like and know only that.

It is praiseworthy and of great social value for the person of means and taste to assemble paintings which have the approval of connoisseurs. Much higher in the estimation of his fellow men should be held one who with foresight and courage, and depending largely on his own judgment, stakes his

wealth on the old masters of tomorrow.

There is that delightful and at the same time ironic story, "False Dawn," by Edith Wharton, in which a young man was sent to Italy in the forties by his father to buy old masters. He came back with Italian primitives and was so derided that he and his wife left New York to live like hermits in the depths of the country, and then after their death, the paintings were seen by—to quote Edith Wharton—"the man who knows," and were eventually converted by his heirs into pearls, Rolls-Royces, and a home on Fifth Avenue.

It is an interesting comment on society and art that of the few persons who have been innovators in collecting paintings in the United States two were women. The one was Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer, and the other was Lillie P. Bliss. Singularly enough, their collections dovetailed at the point of modern French painting and supplemented one another.

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Just as Mrs. Havemeyer depended on Mary Cassatt for advice and assistance, so Miss Bliss looked to that sensitive artist Arthur B. Davies. He was the president of the famous Armory Show in New York in 1913. It was at his urging that Miss Bliss purchased from that exhibition five paintings by Renoir, Degas, and Redon, and they formed the foundation on which she began to build her collection.

The attitude of Miss Bliss in assembling her paintings is illustrated by the following letter, which she wrote to a member of the National Academy:

"We are not so far apart as you seem to think in our ideas on art for I yield to no one in my love, reverence, and admiration for the beautiful things which have already been created in painting, sculpture, and music. But you are an artist, absorbed in your own production, with scant leisure and inclination to examine patiently and judge fairly the work of the hosts of

revolutionists, innovators, and modernists in this widespread movement through the whole domain of art or to discriminate between what is false and bad and what is sometimes crude, perhaps, but full of power and promise for the enrichment of the art which the majority of them serve with a devotion as pure and honest as your own. There are not yet many great men among them, but great men are scarce—even among academicians.

"The truth is you older men seem intolerant and supercilious, a state of mind incomprehensible to a philosopher who looks on and enjoys watching for and finding the new men in music, painting, and literature who have something to say worth saying and claim for themselves only the freedom to express it in their own way, a claim which you have always maintained as your inalienable right."

The collection which was made by Miss Bliss between the time of the



RACE COURSE
BY DEGAS



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SISTER

BY CÉZANNE

Armory Show in 1913 and her death in 1931 was bequeathed to the Museum of Modern Art, of which she was one of the founders and its vice president. The directors of the Museum of Modern Art, following what they believed to be the desire and intention of Miss Bliss, have very generously permitted an excellent cross section of the paintings and drawings to be lent for special exhibition in a limited number of American museums. It has therefore come to pass that twenty-five of the paintings and fifteen of the drawings and water colors are now at the Carnegie Institute.

The great glory of the Lillie P. Bliss collection is, very properly, twenty-six pictures by Cézanne, the finest group of paintings by this artist in any public museum in America. Eight of the most important of these oils are included in the exhibition. Here may be traced, in a general way, the development of his art, the art of the most significant painter of his times. Cézanne was first influenced by Daumier, Courbet, and Manet, but as early as 1865 he stood as an independent figure. He was next associated with the impressionists but he always returned from the absorbing

problem of color to the study of heavy sculptured form, which gives so much solidity and strength to his canvases. "The Road," painted about 1875, belongs to the period when he was interested in structural form and the definition of masses. The portrait "Chocquet in an Armchair" is reminiscent of impressionism, and in it he achieves a plastic construction through minute modulation of color. "Fruit and Wine," "Portrait of Mme. Cézanne," and the large figure composition of "The Bather" belong to the period between 1885 and 1895, when the painter was still further occupied with the problem of structure. The simplicity of drawing and of organization, the sculptural use of those "cubes, cones, and cylinders" which he declared to be the structural bases of all forms in nature, and the delicacy of his colors in "Fruit and Wine" make it one of the finest works of the master. "Still Life with Apples," "Oranges," and "Pines and Rocks" represent Cézanne's last development.

Cézanne's influential contemporaries, the men of the impressionists generation, Renoir, Pissaro, and Degas are in



HEAD OF TAHITIAN

BY GAUGUIN

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the exhibition. The Renoir "Fog at Guernsey" and the Degas "Race Horses" are two of the five paintings which Miss Bliss purchased during the Armory Show in 1913.

All four of the important French painters of the generation following Cézanne and the impressionists, the men who came to maturity during the eighties are represented; Gauguin by an idyllic painting "The Moon and the Earth," and the "Head of a Tahitian"; Redon by "The Etruscan Vase" and the haunting "Silence"; Henri Rousseau by his pseudotropical phantasy, "Jungle with a Lion"; and Seurat by his "Fishing Fleet at Port-en-Bessin."

Among the twentieth-century paintings are works by the Frenchmen, Matisse and Derain; the Spaniard, Picasso; and the Italian, Modigliani—

all of whom belong to the school of Paris.

The drawings and water colors are limited to the work of four artists—Cézanne, Degas, De Segonzac, and Seurat. Of particular interest are the five drawings by Degas after the works of the masters of the Renaissance in Italy and France. On seeing these drawings and realizing the apprenticeship through which this artist passed, one can readily understand the why and wherefore of his draftsmanship in his great portraits. The Cézanne water colors help to complete the story of the development of his art and his search for something new in painting. The Seurat crayons are as personal and as original in technique as his drawings.

This exhibition will continue through April 10.

INTERNATIONAL WATER COLORS

The Art Institute of Chicago Presents the Thirteenth Exhibition

BY DOROTHY KANTNER

Each year the Art Institute of Chicago presents an International Exhibition of Water Colors and at its close generously makes a choice of the pictures for circulation in art museums. The selection from the Thirteenth International Exhibition opened at the Carnegie Institute on February 21. It is an interesting and varied group of 106 water colors, 40 of which represent nine European countries and the remaining 66 the United States.

The Exhibition as a whole is stimulating, and both sections are well represented. There are landscapes, seascapes, still lifes, street scenes, decorative arrangements, and in a few cases, mild caricatures. Deftness and vigor seem to be inherent qualities of these water colorists. Because of their new color schemes and methods of applying color, many artists whose oil paintings are familiar appear as complete strangers in

this exhibition. One surmises that in this new medium they enjoy a sense of freedom impossible to achieve in their more familiar but limited oils.

In the European section, which is installed in the Dalzell Gallery, there are several artists whose names have become identified with Carnegie International Exhibitions. Annot, the German artist now established in New York, is represented by two large studies, "Sunflower Arrangement," bright in color and intentionally stiff; and "Girl with Parasol," a portrait in which design rather than the personality of the model was the objective. Gino Severini, the Italian artist whose oil paintings of architectural forms have been exhibited in the Internationals, selects the same type of subject for his water-color sketch entitled "Composition." He groups a guitar, a bowl of fruit, a pigeon, a fragment of a statue,



HORSE FAIR
BY BERTHE MARTINIE



BULLS AT PAMPLONA
BY WALDO PEIRCE

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and a miniature triumphal arch and over the entire arrangement casts a greenish hue, as if the whole were seen through a haze.

Roberto Domingo of Spain is represented by two colorful companion pieces of Spain's national sport—"In the Bull Ring" and "The Picador." Henri Verge-Sarrat's "Small Harbor in Tunis" is a simply handled black and white study of sail boats, robed figures, and irregular palm trees. There is no attention paid to detail, but the little sketch carries the atmosphere of foreign ports and strange ships. "Santiago" by Boris Grigoriev is a childlike portrayal of a tiny village of toy houses nestled at the foot of a bleak mountain. Two figures on horseback, dashing past the cactuslike tree growths, add a Western-movie flavor to the scene.

Other outstanding water colors in the foreign section are André Prevost's "Bric-a-brac," in which the brightly colored shop windows full of interesting objects are reminiscent of the illustrations in early editions of Charles Dickens; "Nocturne," by Carlo Mensc, whose figures seem symbolic; and "Sitting Girl," by Leopold Gottlieb. Skillfully modeled, the Gottlieb painting is done entirely in shades of pink and mauve. Form and structure are suggested by the mere blocking and blending of colors.

In the American section, which is hung in the balcony of Sculpture Hall, it is equally difficult to choose significant sketches because of the great variety of individual styles. There is a wide range covered, beginning with the brilliant primitive designs by the two Pueblo Indians, Quah Ah and Awatsireh and ending with the sophisticated caricature "At Rubin's" by George Biddle. Georgina Klitgaard's "Jubilee, Nantucket," is distinctly American, not only because of the huge flag fluttering from the New England balcony but because of the spirit imbued in the building and the trees.

Waldo Peirce seems to revel in water colors, and his "Bulls at Pamplona" is

an excellent example of the careless ease with which he can present a scene full of action and suspense. Every stroke of his brush is vigorous and wielded with a purpose.

"City Houses" by Stevan Dohanos is a stark, painfully realistic study of three equally drab city dwellings. The dull gray-green colors blend with the mood suggested by the unlovely, uniform buildings which seem to haunt the outskirts of all large cities.

Ralph Harper Goff's "City Camp Fire" shows how effectively light and shade can be contrasted in water color. The glare of light from the burning waste can play upon the adjoining buildings and relieves the telegraph poles against the inky sky. Thick, dark night shadows creep into all the corners, but the flat surfaces reflect the warm glow. Millard Sheets achieves almost the same effect with sunlight and shadow in his "Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, San Francisco."

"Rush Street, Chicago," by Rowena Fry presents a cleanly drawn, freshly colored street vista. Her perspective is good and the angle which she has chosen to draw the scene is effective. An overturned apple cart in the immediate foreground adds an amusing note to an otherwise strictly architectural study.

Many other paintings deserve special comment, particularly Martina Grenwis' sympathetic portrayal of "Horses."

If the spectator wishes to be interested, amused, or informed in the various ways and means of a difficult medium, the International Water-Color Exhibition presents him with that opportunity. The exhibition will continue through March 24.

HUMAN SERVICE

Many are the men and women in Pittsburgh who are laborers in the vineyards of self-abnegation. The highest type of humanity, believe me, is that which does most to make our earthly home a heaven. The highest worship of God is service to man.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

SPONGES 300,000,000 YEARS OLD

BY E. R. ELLER

Assistant in the Section of Invertebrate Paleontology, Carnegie Museum

[For three years Mr. Eller has been covetously watching a treasury of fossil sponges under lock and key in a small private museum in Wellsville, New York. Because he so enthusiastically appreciated the scientific significance of this collection, Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, whose eminent father, Edwin Bradford Hall, assembled it, chose to make it available to all science through the Carnegie Museum. In so doing, another link in the chain of prehistoric evidence has been strengthened and paleontological study at Pittsburgh has been greatly encouraged. Under Mr. Eller's direction a representative group of these fossils has been placed on display in the Gallery of Invertebrate Fossils.]



RECENTLY the Carnegie Museum acquired the fossil remains of more than fifty-five hundred sponges which 300,000,000 years ago lived on the floor of the upper Paleozoic seas at that time covering the greater area of the North American continent. When these sponges were common, life on dry land was confined to such primitive amphibians and adventure-seeking fish as dared to leave their aquatic homes for brief intervals. This collection, made by the late Edwin Bradford Hall, of Wellsville, New York, brings to the Museum the unique distinction of being the repository of one of the finest and largest groups of this kind of sponges known or likely to be known.

Until we secured this tremendous collection, all our study of the fossil glass sponge had to be based upon two lone examples in our possession. With this wealth of specimens, of which eighty are distinct types, suddenly at our research command, we have felt a bond of common experience with the poor church mouse when it wandered into an overflowing granary.

The history behind this rare collection centers about the life interest of the man who brought it together. Mr. Hall, a naturalist of the old school—a

self-trained botanist and geologist—spent nearly fifty years on his unusual hobby. It so happened that his amateur collecting activity coincided with a growing interest in the Devonian and Carboniferous formations of New York and Pennsylvania.

Current knowledge and study of paleontology in all its branches have become so well entrenched in the modern mind that we have accepted it as a long-established science. As a matter of fact, the subject, in any accessible and systematized form, came into existence as recently as the late nineteenth century. The opportuneness of Mr. Hall's pursuit of these imbedded fossil sponges, peculiarly abundant in his native area, can therefore scarcely be overestimated. In 1898 the work culminated in the publication of a monograph, "Paleozoic Reticulate Sponges Constituting the Family Dictyospongidae," by James Hall and John M. Clarke. Without access to the vast collections made by Edwin Bradford Hall, which served as a basis for the authors' scientific deductions, this memoir could never have been written with the same thoroughness or completeness. The Hall collection was also effective in proving that these prehistoric sponges were members of the animal kingdom and not of the plant (algae), as had at first been supposed. It was awarded a first prize when it was exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901.

It has been an inspiration to me, as I have delved into the background in

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which Mr. Hall carried on his untiring labors, to see with what orderliness he explored a large part of the southern tier of New York and the northern part of Pennsylvania. After he had visited the gorges and outcrops of specific sections, he would check them off accordingly on his map. So zealous were his explorations and those of fellow collectors that it is now but rarely that one finds a sponge in these same rocks. In proof of this statement I spent several seasons collecting in this section to be rewarded by finding only one specimen and a few fragments.

It is interesting to review the methods used in collecting fossils in the days of the nineties. Mr. Hall would go forth by train or stage to a given place, there often hiring a horse and buggy to bring him to a chosen prospecting site. Of course the majority of the collecting was done by cross-country hiking; and friends of Mr. Hall, who shared his hobby but not his skill, report that in his younger days he had no equal among the collectors in the field. He frequently hired men to help him with his prospecting, especially to dig the sponges out when a plantation was discovered. Correspondence shows that often his workers spent weeks in the field without finding a single specimen.

One of the most remarkable features of this collection is its size. When one entered the Hall private museum adjoining his residence, a building 30 x 60 feet, completely filled with these rare sponges, it was certainly breath-taking. The collection was found just as Mr. Hall had left it, some thirty years ago and had seldom even been viewed in the intervening time. Part of one wall was devoted to book shelves and pictures of various geologists. In one corner was a large stove and it was here, with Edwin Bradford Hall acting as host, that Professor James Hall, Dr. Clarke, and other geologists gathered for an evening after a strenuous day in the field.

In examining the collection more carefully we are impressed by its beauty, its diversity of form, and the variety of

size (from one inch to probably ten feet). It is difficult to imagine any expression of form that these sponges did not develop in their shallow-water environment. We have only to recall the beautiful Venus'-flower-basket of present-day seas to imagine the beauty of these sponges and sponge plantations of Devonian times. It is regrettable that the skeletons of these fossil sponges, in so far as they have been observed from this area, were not preserved. Only a reticulate (netlike) impression is present on the casts and molds of the sponges, but fortunately this is well defined. The siliceous (glassy) skeleton is thought to have been dissolved in some way and then replaced by iron pyrites, and by oxidation this has passed into limonite which was quickly removed from the porous sandstones. During late Devonian time retreating seas and fresh-water phases forced the sponges to migrate to deeper waters. In rare cases, in some of the Mississippian calcareous shales of the Keokuk group at Crawfordsville, Indiana, sponges are found in these different stages of chemical alteration.

Each specimen in this collection is marked with a Roman numeral to designate the locality from which the sponge was taken. So keen was the competition among collectors in those days that the locality corresponding to the number was kept secret. Thus when a friendly-enemy collector came to visit and talk sponges, he could look at them without recognizing just where they had been found.

This secretive method of recording localities only by their general proximity to a town or village is not at all helpful from a stratigraphical point of view. A renewed interest in the geology and paleontology of western New York and northern Pennsylvania suggests that these sponges may be of use in this work. Toward this end I expect to study the sponges further and to determine more definitely the localities and horizons from which they have been taken.

RAYMOND HOLLAND'S PAINTING



PITTSBURGH

It is appropriate that the large snow scene painted by the late F. Raymond Holland and presented to the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute by his wife, Dorotheie Bigelow Holland, should be entitled "Pittsburgh."

Mr. Holland was a son of Dr. William J. Holland, director of the Carnegie Museum from 1895 to 1922 and director emeritus until his death in 1932. His mother is Mrs. Caroline T. Moorhead Holland and his brother, Moorhead B. Holland, is a member of the board of trustees of the Institute.

He was born in Pittsburgh, January 10, 1886, was graduated from Princeton University, studied at the Art Students League in New York, and then pursued

his studies in Europe. He was a member of the Independent Artists, the Silvermine Group, the Connecticut Society of Artists, and the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. He died in New York on April 20, 1934.

In the exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh in 1916 Mr. Holland received a Second Prize for his painting, "The Salt Marsh." At the Carnegie International in 1920 he was represented by a canvas, "Through a Window." In 1928 one of his paintings was acquired by the Tate Gallery.

It was by reason of his successful landscapes and seascapes that Mr. Holland won recognition, and he was particularly noted for his local scenes. Where another artist might stress the

harshness and ruggedness of the steel mills, bridges, and factories which make Pittsburgh America's industrial center, Mr. Holland essayed to portray the more romantic aspects of the steel city. To his eye the bridges furnished patterns, and the smoke and fog made interesting harmonies in gray, blue, and mauve.

According to his friend and fellow artist, Edmund M. Ashe, the first pencil sketch for the painting "Pittsburgh" was made from a window of the Carnegie Museum. Mr. Holland took the sketch and his color notes to New York, where the picture was completed. Although the Schenley Park bridge over the Junction Railroad was used as the basis of his design, it was not his thought to make a study of any particular bridge. He planned rather to paint a composite picture of the bridges and ravines in the park district. While the old-fashioned street lights (1918) have since given place to more modern ones, and more houses have sprung up on the hillsides, the contour of the hills and the position of the railroad tracks are still the same. The bridge provides an interesting foreground and the brightly clad pedestrians lend life and color to the scene. In the background there is a deep ravine and, almost lost in the distance, a second bridge which spans the smoke-filled gap and reunites the neighboring hills. Plumes of blue and pearl-colored smoke hang suspended in the frosty air mingled with the cloud of white steam from a passing train far below in the hollow. Thin winter sunshine penetrates the misty air to cast faint blue shadows on the snow-covered bridge, withal suggestive of an intensely cold winter day.

The painting has a double significance to the Carnegie Institute—representing the work of an artist whose family name is so much a part of the history of the Institute, and whose art reflects the mood of the city in which he lived and painted—Pittsburgh, the city of bridges.

NATURE CONTEST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

So gratifying was the success of the first nature study contest held at the Carnegie Institute last May that a second one has been announced to take place on Saturday, May 18.

The competition is under the direction of the Associated Science Groups—teachers of science in the public schools—and the Carnegie Museum, and is open to all school children from the fifth grade through the high school in the counties which are comprised in the Western Pennsylvania Conference Group.

The contest is divided into two sections—children of the elementary grades being given a less difficult test. They will be asked to identify amphibians, birds, insects, fishes, mammals, reptiles, eggs, bulbs, garden and wild flowers, farm and house plants, forest and garden shrubs, vegetables, trees, vines, weeds, and stones. All names—the popular forms will be used—must be spelled correctly.

Any boy or girl wishing to take part in the contest will find it helpful to obtain a study list on which the contest will be given. This list can be had by writing for it to the educational department of the Carnegie Museum.

RADIO TALKS

[Introducing the eighth series, entitled "How the Museum Serves the People," broadcast over WCAE every Monday evening at six o'clock under the auspices of the section of education of the Carnegie Museum.]

MARCH

25—"How Winter Junior Naturalists Use the Museum," by Warren R. Witz, instructor in botany, University of Pittsburgh.

APRIL

1—"Our Earliest Spring Flowers," by O. E. Jennings, curator of botany.

8—"Dependence of Men on the Invertebrate Kingdom," by Stanley T. Brooks, curator of recent invertebrates.

15—"Bruin Stretches," by J. Kenneth Doutt, mammalogist.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of Euripides' "Alcestis"

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



We are apt to think of all Greek plays as tragedies. Although it is difficult to classify it, "Alcestis" is certainly not a tragedy. We know that in ancient times it did not form part of the tragic trilogy but was the fourth play of a group of which the other plays have been lost. This fourth play was usually a satyr-play, which "Alcestis" is not, though it has some elements of comedy and one scene of a really boisterous kind. Some of the audience seemed a little puzzled as to the state of affairs at the opening of the play. As a matter of fact, all is explained by Apollo in the first lines, but so briefly and so obscurely that a note on the program would have been in order. The god Apollo, having displeased his father Zeus, was condemned to pass a year as servant to a mortal. His mortal master Admetus treated him so kindly that the god, in gratitude, coaxed the Fates to allow Admetus to live on, provided that he could find someone of his family to die in his stead. When the time arrives, Admetus, on the assumption that it is the duty of all good parents, asks his father Pheres to take his place. Pheres, much to his son's surprise, refuses; so does his mother. His wife Alcestis, however, volunteers to sacrifice herself. The play begins with Thanatos (Death) crawling up to the palace to claim her.

"Alcestis," like the tragedies, consists of scenes in which, apart from

the chorus with their leader, there are rarely more than two speaking actors on the stage at the same time. In Euripides' time we are told that all the parts were divided among three actors only. As each actor wore a characteristic mask, a single performer could play a great number of rôles. It is probable that in the "Alcestis" the parts of Alcestis, Pheres, the handmaid, the servant, and perhaps Apollo were all played by one actor. In the present performance Mr. Wallace has happily not been moved to present us with an archeologically correct production. There are no masks, each part has a separate performer, women act the female parts. The lines of the chorus are generally divided up among several speakers, although occasionally the lyrics are spoken in unison.

"Alcestis" is not grand like the great Euripidean tragedies; it does not "purge with pity and terror." It is a gentle tale of wifely devotion—almost a domestic drama. None of the characters is really tragic, indeed some are definitely comic. Admetus poetically mourning for his wife is a touching figure, but Euripides does not let us forget that he himself is responsible for her death. Alcestis is a true heroine but not on a tragic scale. She does not underestimate her sacrifice; she is quite determined to have no successor in Admetus' house and no stepmother for her children. Very far from heroic is the scene in which Admetus berates his father for not being willing at his age to make a little sacrifice like dying, and Pheres retorts:

Thou lovest this light: shall I not love it, P?
'Tis age on age there in the dark: and here
My sunlit time is short, but dear—but dear!

There is more than an undercurrent of comedy here!

Heracles has quite certainly strayed in from the satyr-plays. He comes tramping up to the house of mourning. He wants his dinner, and although he vaguely feels something lacking in Admetus' welcome, he has it. He drinks deep and crowns himself with flowers and playfully hurls the unfortunate little servant about the stage like a jovial bear. When he learns the truth, he has few words, but dashes off in his forthright way to battle with Death for his host's wife. On his return his idea of a merry jest is to pretend that the veiled Alcestis is a slave girl whom he has won, and to urge the disconsolate Admetus to accept her as a gift.

I have called attention to the comic aspects of "Alcestis" because they are so unusual in Euripides, but there is enough and to spare of beauty and pathos. Alcestis is the loveliest of all his women characters. She speaks only in one scene. When she returns with Heracles, with the awe of death still on her, she is silent. But the way in which

most of us who are not "Grecians," Euripides and Murray are synonymous. If the English version of "Alcestis" does not reach the heights of beauty of the "Hippolytus" and "The Trojan Women," I for one am willing to believe it is because the Greek original is less beautiful.

The performance of "Alcestis" was satisfactory. We had an Admetus with intelligence and a fine voice; an incisive Pheres who seemed to relish his rôle; a good Heracles, although occasionally something of his recent Achilles crept into his delineation. The movements of the chorus were executed with that feeling for decorative effect that we have come to expect from any chorus directed by Miss Cecil Kitcat. Mr. Wallace's sympathetic direction heightened for me the effectiveness of several scenes which had not seemed to me particularly dramatic on reading the play. The business he invented for the scene between Heracles and the servant, of which there is scarcely a hint in the printed text, seemed to me peculiarly right. The setting of a great flight of steps leading up to

the palace door was handsome in itself and gave the chorus opportunities for effective grouping. Mr. Kimberly's lighting was altogether admirable, especially in the gradual dawn of the opening scene. The apparition of Apollo apparently in mid-air, high above the heads of the spectators, was so startling that our eyes were too occupied for our ears to take in his first important lines.



CHORAL DANCE FROM "ALCESTIS"



THROUGH THE EDITOR'S WINDOW

THE REVOLT FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

IN viewing the world Through the Editor's Window I have steadfastly kept away from any discussion of denominational religion and partisan politics. I am now going to consider the political situation of our country, but only as it is affected by economic conditions, and the views here expressed are directly opposite to those which were cherished by me some eighteen months ago.

President Roosevelt's policy is beyond question drawing us every day nearer to what he has shaped in his own mind as a benevolent dictatorship. Yet every move that he has made toward this end bears eloquent testimony that his most philanthropic aims have resulted in nothing but confusion and disaster. It is so with his gold muddling; it is so with his agricultural policy; it is so with all the alphabets in the soup kettle; it is so with his banking, his brokerage, his business, his labor, his foreign trade, and his tariff; it is so with his social experiments in West Virginia and elsewhere; and it is so with his attempts to relieve distress through political agencies where favoritism and graft have absorbed so much of the funds allotted for the mitigation of human suffering. His course has shown that we cannot buy, tax, or inflate our return to prosperity.

President Roosevelt can no longer shelter himself behind a fictitious Brain

Trust. It is true that he has yielded his judgment to nearly every Utopian dreamer that has entered the White House, and the Utopian dreamers constitute the Brain Trust. But Mr. Roosevelt is the responsible servant of the nation, and he must answer for the consequences of his credulity. People have ceased to speak of his charm; they are no longer carried away by the magic of his voice; they no longer applaud his picture in the movies; the vision of the nation following him out of the wilderness has proved to be a heartbreaking mirage; and let him say what he will, the rabbit will not come out of the hat.

I voted for him—my first and perhaps my last vote in that party—because he was brave enough to declare himself for the correction of a measure which in its promotion of intemperance and crime had become the paramount question in American politics. Under President Hoover there was no courage, no vision, no choice of a path of promise, and mediocrity was in the saddle. And even today there is no opposing leadership behind which the country can mass its opinion on a return to normal conditions as revised by the necessities of experience. But the revolt from Mr. Roosevelt is growing like a snowball rolling down a Swiss mountain. And well it may, for after five years of suffering and despair every detail of our social and business position in this country is worse than it was at the President's inauguration. Unemployment has not been relieved; industry is

paralyzed; the banks are overloaded with money which no responsible man will borrow; we have entered into the broad vestibule of inflation where every householder feels the grip of rising prices with a diminishing value of his income; stocks, bonds, insurance policies, educational endowments, money itself, and all the obligations of the national treasury have lost their first qualification of security; the sky is growing darker and no man knows what the weather will be tomorrow.

Yet Mr. Roosevelt's insistence upon an expansion of his own power into a practical dictatorship goes constantly on without interruption, while the courts, the Congress, and the people are more and more insistently declaring that their confidence in him is dead. But in this whole broad land there is nowhere a leader to consolidate these forces of recovery and inspire them with the faith of victory. Are we in an age of little men?

THOSE ITALIAN MOTHERS

WHEN Mr. Mussolini ordered the mobilization of the Italian army for a punitive expedition into Abyssinia, he called all the eligible young men of the nation from their occupations of peace, ordaining that their employers shall pay their wages in full for three months and at a half rate for the next three months. And then it is related that all the mothers in Italy went to church and prayed for the protection of their beloved sons against the calamities of war—an act in which every humane heart in the world supported them.

But history shows us that heaven does not protect soldiers against the tragedies of battle. It never has and it never will. When men deliberately engage in armed conflict against each other, death in its most frightful form comes alike to the heroic and the righteous, the innocent noncombatants, the infants, and the aged; and the malignant spirit of war seeks nothing

but the destruction of life and all that life has accumulated toward the glory of civilization.

In 1920 Spain sent an army composed of twenty-three thousand of her precious young men to subjugate the native tribes in that part of Morocco which the Spanish king claimed as his territory. It was a great adventure, and the mothers of those soldiers filled all the churches of Spain and prayed for the safety of their sons. No member of that expedition ever came home. When I visited Morocco two years later, Marshal Lyautey told me that the indigenous tribes had ensnared the Spanish army into a trap from which there was no escape, that all the officers had committed suicide by shooting themselves, and that the common troops to the last man had been massacred with a horror of cruelty which was too offensive to be put into written words, although the Marshal revealed these ghastly tortures to me in a verbal narrative which was hideous and sickening in its diabolism.

Prayer will not clothe these Italian youths in an armor of resistance against the barbaric warriors who populate the mountain fastnesses of Abyssinia. Mr. Mussolini, with a terrific sacrifice of the flower of Italian manhood, may conquer his savage foes at the end, and he may add a thousand square miles of sandy plains and barren hills to his modern empire; but the quarrel itself, in which it is stated that some five or six native Africans, carrying the Italian flag, were killed in a border squabble, is so trivial and inconsiderable as an act provocative of war that American opinion asks with wonder and amazement why the controversy was not brought before that World Court which the whole of Europe lately urged America to join as an institution guaranteed to preserve a perpetual peace among all the nations of the world. My heart is with those Italian mothers, who will one day ask the Dictator, "Why did you do it?" And mothers have a way of bringing retribution upon

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those who work offenses against their sons. When Mr. Mussolini drags the Italian people into an aggressive war without first exhausting the last recourse of arbitration, which he has rejected with scorn, he cannot escape censure. These troops are not his own. No man liveth unto himself, nor can any nation do so in a world that is struggling to suppress international murder.

FREE PROGRAMS

MUSEUM

LECTURE HALL

MARCH

21—"Hunting Fossils in Utah," by J. LeRoy Kay, paleontological investigator for Carnegie Museum research. 8:15 p.m.
24—"Zion National Park and Boulder Dam," by R. A. Kirkpatrick, interpreter of picturesque geography. 2:00 and 3:30 p.m.
28—"The Mystic Land of Peru," by Robert Shippee, discoverer of the old wall extending over the western slope of the Andes. 8:15 p.m.
31—"Venezuela and the Hidden Orinoco," by Charles W. Furlong, illustrator and traveler. 2:00 and 3:30 p.m.

FOR CHILDREN

2:15 P.M. IN LECTURE HALL

23—"The Big Story of Rubber"—a moving picture.
30—"Our Own Nature Calendar," an original play written and produced by the Junior Naturalists of the Carnegie Museum.

TECH

LITTLE THEATER—4:30 P.M.

22—"History and Technology," by Charles A. Beard, historian and author of "The Rise of American Civilization."

LENTEN LECTURES BY DR. BIDWELL

MUSIC HALL—8:15 P.M.

16—"Debussy and Impressionism"
23—"Water Scenes in Music"
30—"George Frederick Handel"

APRIL

6—"Mendelssohn—Classictist and Romantist"
13—"Palestrina and the Church Style"

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